A

SERMON,

Preached at the Funeralls of the Honourable,

ALGERNON GREVIL, Esq;

Second Brother to the Right Honourable

ROBERT Lord *BROOK*, &c.

Who departed this Life, *July* 21. at *Magdalen* Colledge *Oxon*. and was buried at *Warwick*, the 6th. of *August*, 1662.

By *Ezekiel Hopkins*, M. A. late of M. C. *Oxon*.

LONDON,
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Geor. Stradling S. T. P. Rev. in Christo *Pat. Gilb.* Epiſc. *Lond.* à Sac. Domeſt.

Ex Æd. Sab.
25. Nov. 1662.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURBALE
The Lady
KATHARINE BROOK,
Dowager of the Right Honourable
ROBERT Lord BROOK
Deceased.

Madame,

THE *desire of your dying Son brought me into the* Pulpit, *and now your Honours commands into the Presse. Were it for so absolute a Duty as mine, so much as to inquire into the reason of this injunction, I doubt*

not, but it would be found a design to exercise your patience, in being willing to heare that losse repeated, the single mention of which were enough to sinke any vertue lesse tryed and perfect than your owne. I could heartily wish that the tender of my obedience in this addresse to your Honour, might not make one among your too many sad Remembrancers, nor give you cause to lament him as well in the presse, as in the grave, as here propounded, a patterne for our life, as well as made by God an example of our death. But, Madame, when you have wept over this deare losse in all the forms so great a sorrow as yours could represent, this small piece (a poore dependant on his name) will, I fear, prove so unhappy, as to give you his memory in a new shape, and thereby lay a new scene for [illegible] necessity and usefullnesse of this subject of mortality, are, I am confident, sufficient to recommend it to your acceptance; and if any thing make it unwelcome, it must be that which gives You too great a title to it, the neerenesse of the Instance: an instance so neare, that seemes like the smiting of one halfe, to bid the other prepare.

Your losse is confessedly great, vast as our hopes, and generall as our sorrows. Indeed to looke upon

moderate

moderate loſſes through teares, is as ill a way to make a right judgment of them, as it is to take the dimenſions of objects through water, which always reflects them greater or nearer than in truth they are. But yours, Madame, is ſo truly extraordinary, and of ſuch publicke concernment, that it muſt needs fall below its juſt eſtimate, if it be not judged through more than your own teares and griefe. The Church and State joyne with you, and each of them deplores as a loſſe at preſent, whatſoever ſo great vertues and endowments as His prompted them to expect hereafter. The right eye of the Kingdome runs down with tears: all that knew Him, and had the honour and happineſſe of ſo great an example, pay down that tribute of ſorrow to his memory, which they owed of love and ſervice to his perſon: nor indeed is it fit, that ſuch a nationall calamity ſhould be lamented at leſſe expence, than the publick teares.

But, Madame, it is in vaine to nouriſh ſad thoughts, by conjecturing to what heighth he might have attained, if yeares had not been wanting to his merits; for though his flouriſhing hopes gave earneſt of ſomewhat moſt excellent and perfect, yet hath he now farre out-ſtript even thoſe hopes; and inſtead of a great man on earth, is become a glorious Saint *in heaven:*

heaven: and certainly, we have no just cause to quarrell the Divine Providence, for not taking our method to advance him.

That God would preserve your noble Sons yet remaining, and lengthen out their lives to fill up their deceased Brothers hopes, and their own too, that you may find no other misse but in number; that God would sanctifie this heavy stroke both to you and them, and fit you for that last, which alone can come nearer, is the prayer of

Madame,

Your Honours most humble
and obedient
Servant

Ezekiel Hopkins.

Hackney, Oct. 4. 1662.

Errata.

PAge 8. line 9. for is r. in. p. 10. l. ult. for. whenſoever r. whenceſoevr. p. 14. marg. note for lib. 8. r. lib. 1. p 22. l. 23. for congaled. r. congeled. p. 32. l. 32. for deep r. dim. ib. l. ult. for brings to r. brings them to p. 37. l. 11. for diquiſition r. diſquiſition. p. 40. l. 19. dele how.

Errata.

Eccleſiaſtes 9.5.

For the Living know that they ſhall dye.

LIfe, whether an active ſpark ſtrucke out from the meeting of Soul and Body together, or whatſoever ſprightfull and buſie thing elſe it be, is the higheſt perfection of Corporeall beings, becauſe the neareſt reſemblance of the Divine.

The Variety of its Motions, the Multiplicity of its Functions, the ſecret conveyance of its influences through thoſe hidden Channells of the Organs, into the ſeverall parts of the Body, give it a pre-eminence above all that the inanimate greatneſſe or luſtre of other things can attain unto. Upon this very account Philoſophy teacheth us, that the leaſt fly, though it be nothing but duſt animated by the Sun, is yet of greater excellency then the Sun it ſelf; and *Sampſons* Bees then the Lion that bred them. Theſe ſleight and contemptible Creatures, which

ſerve for little elſe then to ſhew the World in how ſmall a Roome God can encloſe the ſprings and engines of ſuch various Motions, have yet a perfection beyond all the large volumns of the Heavens, and the light and duration of all the Starres in them: Upon theſe principles *Solomon* making a compariſon, in the verſe immediately preceding the Text, between liveleſſe and living things, prefers the meaneſt of theſe before the beſt and nobleſt of the other: *A living Dog is better than a dead Lion.*

This though it be true of all Creatures in generall, yet the accommodation of it is here more particularly intended unto man; and the deſign of the Spirit of God is, to ſhew that Life hath a vaſt Prerogative above Death. One would think it ſtrange, that there ſhould need ſo much ſolemnity, ſuch a traine of preparatives, reaſons, and ſimilitudes, to uſher in a concluſion ſo obvious and undoubted as this is, that it is better to live than to dye. And yet, if we obſerve it, the method of the Holy Ghoſt is much ſtranger in confirming ſo plain a *Theſis* by an abſtruſe argument. The argument we have in the Text: *For the Living know that they ſhall dye:* Becauſe we know that we muſt dy, therefore it is better to live.

This might ſeem ſomewhat an harſh kind of argumentation, were it not, that as to dy is the laſt period, ſo to dy well, and breathe out an holy ſoul into the armes of a mercifull God, is the greateſt end of Life: This advantage have the living. The dead can dye no more; *For it is appointed unto men once to dye*: nor, if they erre in this, can they ever recall or amend it. This is that Warfare, as the Wiſeman calls it, in which we cannot twice miſtake. But it is the priviledge of the living

Heb. 9 27.

Eccleſ. 8. 8.

living, that knowing the frailty of their lives, and the certainty of their diſſolution, they may by repentance and holineſſe, ſo prepare themſelves for death, as to make it onely an happy tranſition from a Temporall to an Eternall Life, and an inlet into endleſſe bliſſe and joy. So that if we briefly gather up the Summe and Force of the reaſon, we may finde that it lies thus: it is better to live than dy, becauſe *the living know that they ſhall dye*, and the knowledge and expectation of our death is the moſt likely meanes to engage us to live in ſuch conſtant holineſſe and preparation, as that after death we may live in eternall glory and happineſſe.

The words, though they are thus obſcure in their cohereuce, yet in themſelves and their own proper and genuine ſence, are very clear and perſpicuous. They contain in them the judgement that the living paſſe upon their own Mortality; and as they lye before us, cannot be ſo much as ſuſpected of any difficulty. I ſhall therefore, waving all other enquiries, make onely theſe two,

1. Firſt, Whence it is, that the living attain the ſure and infallible knowledge of their own death.

2. Secondly, Whence it proceeds, that though all men generally know they ſhall dy, yet ſo few doe ſeriouſly and in good earneſt prepare themſelves for it.

To the firſt, I anſwer; there be many things from whence Reaſon it ſelf, eſpecially if aided by Scripture, may collect the neceſſity of dying. I ſhall pretermit divers, and onely ſpeak to theſe following.

1. We may collect, it by thoſe harbingers and forerunners of death, diſeaſes, pains, and natural decayes,

which are incident to all men. Man is compounded of the contrary and jarring qualities of heat, and cold, drouth and moysture; which are alwayes wageing an inteſtine warre within him. Health is the equal ballance of theſecontrarieties; when they are ſo temper'd together, the more active with the more reſiſting, that neither of them can get the Victory over the other. And therefore ſome ſuppoſe that *Adam* (who doubtleſſe was created in the higheſt perfection of natural health and ſtrength) had all theſe mixed *Ad pondus*, in ſo even a temper, that none of them could naturally ſway him toCorruption; and that God then inflicted the death he threatned, when upon the firſt tranſgreſſion he turned the evenneſſe of his conſtitution, and thereby brought him into a mortall ſtate. Sickneſſe is nothing elſe but a predominant faction in a mans temper, which, as rebellions uſe to do, raiſeth it ſelf upon the ruine of the whole. As God ſlackens the reins to ſome quality in the greater world, when he intends to bring a general calamity and deſtruction upon it (for thus we read, that he once deſtroyed the world by a dropſie, in the great deluge; and that he will again deſtroy it by a feaver, in the laſt conflagration) ſo likewiſe in man who is the leſſer world, God doth ſometimes let looſe the reins, and gives ſome of his natural qualities an unnatural predominancy; and either floods him with dropſies, or burns him with feavers, or numnes him with palſies, lethargyes, and Epilepſies, and by other innumerable diſeaſes ſo ravageth his health and vigour, his youth and beauty, that he becomes a Ghoſt, before yet he be a Corps

Yea thoſe who have had no ſuch violent aſſaults as

theſe,

theſe, yet find their decayes grow up together with their years. *Solomon* hath given us an elegant deſcription of them. Eccleſ. 12. from the 2. to the ſeventh verſe. Dimneſſe of ſight, deafneſſe of hearing, weakneſſe and trembling of limbs, ſluggiſhneſſe of ſpirits, chilneſſe of blood, loſs of appetite and deſire; and a whole hoſpitall of other incurable diſeaſes are the attendants of old age, which is it ſelf the moſt incurable of all: that the very length of living may be argument enough of the neceſſity of dying. This is that heavie burden that bowes down all on whom it lies, that makes them go ſtooping to the ground, as if it would bid them contemplate what they are, in the duſt, and conſider their mortality in that earth into which they muſt ſhortly fall. All theſe are as ſo many harbingers of death ſent before to bid us prepare, for that the King of terrours cannot be long after.

2. Secondly, The obſervation of deaths univerſall Empire over all other things, and over all other men, may give us a certain knowledge that we alſo muſt ſhortly die. If we conſider the viciſſitudes of natural things, we ſhall find that death reigns in all of them. The day dies into night, ſummer into winter; Time it ſelf that deſtroyes all things, yet dies continually, nor can it exiſt one minute together. Our very life is nothing elſe but a ſucceſſion of dying: every day and hour weares away part of it, and ſo farre as it is already ſpent, ſo far are we already dead and buried: ſo that the longeſt liver hath no more but that he is longer a dying than others. This indeed is onely to die ſucceſſively, but that fatall and finall ſtroke is coming, when we ſhall no more live nor die. All others have felt it, and therefore *David* calls death 1 Kings 2. 2.

the way of all the earth. We need no other proof of this than to ſearch into the Records of the grave: there lie the rich and poor, the noble and ignoble, the wiſe and fooliſh, the holy and profane, the rubbiſh of a thouſand generations heaped one upon another; and this truth, that all muſt die, is written indelibly even in their duſt.

The whole world is but a great charnell-houſe: Our very graves were once living: we dig through our forefathers, and muſt ſhortly become earth our ſelves, to bury our poſterity. So thick ſown are the carkaſes of all the ages ſince the creation, as were enough to dung the whole face of the earth with their fleſh, and pave it with their bones. Are not we of the ſame mould with them? hath not Gods hand kneaded us out of the ſame clay, and may not his finger crumble us into the ſame duſt? Certainly, the cords of our earthly tabernacle may be as eaſily unlooſed, or cut aſunder, as theirs.

We read but of two onely of all mankind exempted, by a peculiar grace and priviledge, from this law of death, and they were, *Enoch* and *Elias*. God ſtrangely tackt their temporal and eternal life together, and made their time flow into eternity without any ſtop or interruption; like rivers that glide along into the ſea with a free and undiſturbed courſe; whilſt ours muſt firſt ſinke, and finde a paſſage under ground.

3. Thirdly, We may certainly know our ſelves mortal, by knowing our ſelves ſinfull creatures. There is a double neceſſity of death upon the account of ſin 1. As a puniſhment. 2. As a purgation of it.

It is neceſſary as a puniſhment of ſin, that that primitive

mitive threatning might be fulfilled, *Gen.* 2.17. *In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely dye.* Hereby the Justice of God stands engaged to inflict death upon every transgressor: and to this it is that the Apostle ascribes it. *Rom.* 5.12. *By Sin death entred into the world, and Death passed upon all men, because that all have sinned.* Death therefore is not so much a debt due to Nature, as to the avenging Justice of God, and befalls us rather by his Ordination and appointment, than by any naturall necessity. *It is appointed unto men once to dye. Heb.* 9.27. And this appeares, in that man was at first created in pure nature, yet in a deathlesse state. Tis true, that *Adam*, even before he fell, had in him the Contemperation of the same contrary qualities as now we have, and so, at least, had also the remote principles of death, and dissolution: But probably either these were so harmoniously mixed, as that there was no tendency to a dissolution; or else he was created with such a priviledge, that by eating of the Tree of Life, or by the command of his own will, to which all his inferior faculties were then perfectly subject, he might sway and over-rule the jarres and discords of an elementall constitution, and continue himselfe in Life, as long as he should continue himselfe in obedience.

So then, it is not primarily mans nature, but mans sin, and the curse of the Law taking hold upon him, that hath brought in this necessity of dying. But yet the Justice of God doth not inflict it as a punishment upon all; for death under the strict notion of a punishment, is proper onely to wicked men and unbelievers, who are left to bear the curse of the Law in their own Persons, and to satisfie offended justice in their own sufferings. As to believers, Christ hath un-

undertaken and eluctated for them all that was penal. *He hath born the whole curse of the Law, being made a curse for us*: *Gal.*3.13.

So that now, to those who believe it is no more a punishment, but onely a purgation. And were it not, that God hath thus altered the quality of it, making it the greatest means of Sanctification in the world, thereby turning that which was a curse into a blessing, it might probably be maintained that Faith is the death of Christ would supersede all necessity of dying, and make us not only righteous, but immortall. But God hath other ends in the inflicting of death, besides the satisfaction of his Justice : He makes use of it for the purging of his people from the Reliques of their Corruption; and tis the onely purgatory they must ever undergo; Sin hath taken a Lease of our Soules, and holds them by our own lives : It will be in us to the last Gasp; and as the heart is the last that dies, so is that Corruption that lodgeth in it. But then dye it must; God hath so graciously ordered it, that though death came into the world by sin, yet sin it self shall be abolisht out of it by death. It is with a dying believer, as with sea-water, which loseth its brackishnesse when percolated through the earth, and becoms sweet and wholsome. So a Christian, when he is as it were strained through the grave, loseth all his brackishnesse, all his dreggs and scumme, and becoms pure and holy, fit for the enjoyment of a pure and holy God. This is his finall victory, this is the deciding stroke between him and all his Spiritual enemies. When he hath been long struggling (with too little successe) against sin and Satan, and is ready to faint, and despond, in the conflict, death comes in, sent

ſent as an Auxiliary from God, and gives him both the day, and the triumph. Certainly he cannot but count it a good office done him, to have his earthly houſe pul'd down upon ſo many of his uncircumciſed foes, though it cruſh him too in the fall.

Thus hath God brought over death, which was before a formidable enemy, to be of a believers party, ſo that though it had its ſting, and ſtrength, its very being from ſin, yet it proves the moſt effectuall meanes for the deſtruction of ſin. As wormes when they creep into their holes leave a ſlimy dirt about them; ſo is it with a Chriſtian, when he dies, he leaves his ſin, his filth, and corruption, all at the graves mouth. There he leaves them, and his ſoul got free from that clogg, mounts up into a bleſſed eternity, where it is for ever fixt and perfected in holineſſe, where there is no object to tempt, nor corruption to betray. No ſteam of any luſt ſhall there riſe to cloud our beatificall viſion of God, ſuch as do here too oft darken the eye both of our Reaſon, and our faith: we ſhall no more caſt kind glances upon our ſins, nor no more know a wavering and hovering deſire after them. Oh bleſſed neceſſity! when the ſoul ſhall be for ever tied up to one all-ſatisfying good! when it ſhall with as naturall a proneneſſe, and vehement ardour, love, and delight in God, as it loves it ſelfe, and delights in its own happineſſe! And why then ſhould we deſire to linger here below, and to ſpin out a miſerable life, whereof ſin and ſorrow will ſtill have the greateſt ſhare? Here the beſt of us are engaged in perpetuall quarrells between ſin and grace, the one will not yield, and the other cannot; corruption compells one way, and grace commands another: haſte there-

ſhre, O Chriſtian, out of this ſcuffle, make haſte to heaven, and there this controverſie ſhall be for ever decided. There we ſhall no more live in fear of new ſins, nor in ſorrow for old, but all ſorrow and ſighing ſhall ceaſe; all tears ſhall be wiped from our eyes, and all ſin rooted out of our hearts. And upon this account death is neceſſary.

Now though by theſe, and other ſuch like conſiderations, we may arrive at a certain knowledge that we ſhall die, yet the particular circumſtances of the time, and manner of our death is known to God onely.

Some have, a little before their deceaſe, given ſecret preſages of theſe things, as I am informed this honourable perſon did. Whence theſe proceed will not be neceſſary here to inquire. Poſſibly they may be onely fortuitous and caſuall: the event may make thoſe things paſſe for predictions which were onely ſpoken at random. Or if they ſeem too punctuall to be ſuch, the beſt account, that I can give, is this; that death being about to unlooſe thoſe ſecret and ſweet bands, thoſe vitall knots, that tie our ſouls and bodies together, we begin to grow more unconfined in our knowledge, as well as our being; and receive intelligences of things after another way, than by the dull conveyance of ſenſe. There is now, that duſt and aſhes in the eye of the ſoul that hinders it from diſcovering futurityes; but when death is blowing this away, it begins to know after its own manner; and receives at leaſt ſome obſcure and glimmering hints of thoſe objects which ſenſe could never adminiſter. And hence poſſibly may proceed thoſe ſtrange propheticke ſpeeches that many have given out concerning their own death. But whence-ſoever they are,

God

God doth ordinarily reſerve the exact knowledge of theſe things to himſelf.

1. Firſt, He onely knows the critical and punctuall time of our death, for he hath determined it to a very moment. It is God that turns up our glaſs, that puts ſuch a meaſure of ſand into it, and no more, and hath prefixt that it ſhall run ſuch a time and no longer. It is he that hath written our names upon ſo many dayes and hours as we ſhall live, as upon ſo many leaves of his Book; and it is impoſſible for us to turn over that day or hour that hath not our names written upon it, from all eternity. Now this Book of life God hath written in an hand that is not legible by us. We know not the tale of dayes that he hath appointed us, but this we know, that we muſt fulfill, and cannot exceed them. He hath ſet us our bounds of living, beyond which we cannot paſs. The infant that dies as ſoone as it ſeeth the light hath fill'd up its appointed time as well as he that lives to decrepit age. And therefore though God be ſaid in Scripture to cut off ſome men in the midſt of their dayes; this muſt not be ſo underſtood, as if there were remaining in all the ſtore of time any dayes that were due to them; but onely it denotes, either that God cuts them off in the full ſtrength, and vigour of their years, when they might, according to humane probability, have lived much longer; or elſe comparing the ſhortneſſe of their life, with the length of others; God ſeemes to break it off in the middle before He had finiſht it. Indeed moſt men do themſelves ſhorten their own lives; ſome by intemperance are ſtill ſhaking their glaſſe to make it run the faſter; and others breake it at once by violence; yet all live as long as God had decreed, though not

so long as was their duty. I shall not farther dispute whether the terme of life be fixt or moveable. *Job*, methinks, hath clearely stated and determined the Question, *Job.* 7. 1. *Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his dayes also like the dayes of an hireling?* An hireling hath his dayes of prefixt service, and when they are expired, he is discharg'd from his labour, so *Job* 14. 5. *His dayes are determined, the number of his moneths are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds, that he cannot passe.* It is true however, though God hath thus numbred out our dayes, yet there are meanes proper to prolong our lives beyond the terme that God hath fixt in his decree, and such as would prove availeable if applied: whoever dies might have lived longer, had the right meanes been used. As *Martha* said to *Christ*; *Lord if thou hadst been here my Brother had not died*: So we may say, if such meanes and remedies had been applied, death might have been prevented. But withall we must observe, that that God who hath prefixed to every one his terme of life, hath likewise ordained in his own counsell and purpose, that those meanes which are proper to prolong it beyond that term, shall through some unavoidable mistake or mishap, either not be known, or not used. This may be a support unto us against fears of our own, and grief for the death of others; all our times are in Gods hands, he measures out every day to us; and as he hath appointed the bounds, over which we shall not passe; so he hath appointed that we shall certainly reach them. His providence disposeth of the meanest and smallest concernments of mans life, and therefore much more of life it selfe: and if an haire of our heads cannot, much

Luke 11.21.

less

leſs then ſhall we our ſelves fall to the ground without our heavenly father.

2. Secondly, As we know not the time, ſo neither the particular manner of our deaah, whether it ſhall be ſudden, or foreſeen; by diſeaſe, or caſualty: whether the thred of life ſhall be ſnapt in pieces by ſome unexpected accident, or worn and fretted away by ſome lingring conſumption, or burnt aſunder by ſome fiery feaver. In what manner and ſhape our death will appear to us we know not, this is a ſecret of Gods own breaſt. But whatever the ſhape be, if we endeavour by an holy life to prepare our ſelves for it, it ſhall not be frightfull nor terrible to us.

But truely, the generality of the World are ſo little carefull to prepare for their death, as if they were priviledged perſons, and had a protection given them from that arreſt, Though they ſee thouſands fall before them, though death mowes down their friends and relations round about them, yet they live ſo ſecure and confident, as if they were not at all concerned in thoſe examples, as if Gods hand cut off others onely to make the more room for them in the world. Who is there ſo fool-hardy, that ſtanding near the marke of an Archer, and ſeeing one arrow fly over his head, another light at his feet: one glance by his right, another by his left hand; that will not at length bethink himſelfe of his danger, that by the very next he alſo may be ſhot and ſlain. Man is this marke at which Death is continually ſhooting, ſometimes the arrow flies over our heads, and ſlaies ſome great perſon, our Superiour; ſometimes it lights at our feet, when it kils a Childe or Servant, or thoſe who are our inferiours: Sometimes it paſſeth by our left hand, and kills an

Ene-

Enemy, at whoſe death poſſibly we rejoyce; and anon it ſtrikes the friend of our right hand: Though we ſee all this; though we ſee our friends and foes, thoſe of all ſtates and ages drop down dead round about us, yet are we ſtill as frollicke and careleſſe, as if this nothing at all concerned us, whereas poſſibly the very next arrow may ſtrike us through the heart dead upon the place. 'Tis a ſtrange and brutiſh Sottiſhneſſe, that ſo many ſpectacles of Mortality cannot move.

Strada Bel. Belg. lib. 1. We read of that Victorious Emperor *Charls* the 5th. that to engrave the deeper apprehenſions of his death, he cauſed his own funerals to be ſolemnized, while he was yet living. He laid himſelfe down in his Tomb, and had that rare fate of great Perſons, to be lamented with true teares, at leaſt his own. *Hoc videlicet rudimento* (as the Hiſtorian ſpeaks) Carolus *vicinæ jam morti proludebat*. If it were any helpe to prepare him to dy, at laſt, really, by dying thus firſt in emblem, we may almoſt daily have the ſame. 'Twill be no great miſtake to account every Funeral we attend on, to be our own. Let us imagine our ſelves nailed up in the Coffin, laid in the Grave, covered over with Earth, and putrifying to wormes and dirt: this is only but a few dayes to anticipate what ſhall be. Not a Grave opens its mouth, but it plainly ſpeaks thus much, that we are mortal and periſhing; not a rotten bone, nor dead ſcull is ſcatered about it, but tells us we muſt ſhortly take up our abode with them in the ſame darkneſſe, and corruption. And if upon every ſuch ſad occaſion we make not particular application of it to our ſelves, we not onely loſe our friends lives but their very deaths too; yet herein are we generally faulty: When God ſnatcheth them from us, we uſually

ally reflect more upon the losse, than the example; and thereby as He deprives us of the comfort we had in their lives, so we deprive our selves of the instruction and benefit we might have by their deaths. There are indeed few (unlesse it be those who have quite devested themselves of humanity) but will sometimes consider their frail and mortall state, at least, when they see a pattern of it before their eyes. When they see departing pangs, distorted eyes, quivering limbs, the wan and ghastly corps, the image of death in all its lively terrours; if they have any remainders of naturall softnesse left, it must needs strike them with pensiveneſſe, to thinke that one day this must be their own case; shortly all this must be acted over upon themselves. But no sooner is the dead interred, and the grave fill'd, than all these sage and serious thoughts vanish, and they returne again to the same glut of lusts and pleasures as before.

2 Let us therefore consider (which was the second Generall propounded) whence it proceeds that men are so stupidly irrationall, that though they all know they shall die, yet so few seriously prepare themselves for it. Perhaps, upon enquiry, we shall find the causes of it to lie in these following particulars.

1. First, men are generally so immerst in the businesses, and pleasures of life, that these swallow up all serious thoughts of death, and preparations for it. They are employed about other things: like an heap of *Ants* that are busily toyling to get in their provision, without regarding the foot that's ready to crush them. Such are the impertinent and vain cares of men: one contrives how he may melt away his dayes in luxury and pleasure; how he may by variety and choice of

invented

invented delights imp the wings of time, and make the ſlow dayes and hours rolle away faſter over him. 'Tis not likely theſe ſhould entertain any ſober thoughts of dying, who thus like Prodigalls laviſh out their time, as if they could never ſee the bottom of it, and their ſtock could never be exhauſted. The unconcerning vanities of viſits and complements divide their dayes; and the onely uſe they make of their time is to ſtudy how they may paſſe it: till their end comes upon them unthought of, and ſoure death cuts them off in the midſt of all their fooliſh pleaſures.

Some are buſily climbing up the ſteep aſcent of Honour and Dignity, and are ſo wholly engaged in getting promotions and new titles, that they forget their old ſtyle of mortall creatures. They ſpend their lives in purſuing a puff of wind, an aiery fantaſtick thing, depending meerely upon the fond and irrationall opinion of the giddy multitude. As counters, which as they are placed, ſtand for ſcores, or hundreds, or thouſands; but are all of the ſame value when huddled together: ſo truely, the honours which the ambitious and gallant ſpirits of the world do ſo paſſionately court, are as fictitious as theſe, depending meerly upon common eſteem; when death comes to ſhuffle and huddle the Noble and Ignoble together in the grave, what becomes of all the diſtance, and difference that was between them? will the duſt and aſhes of the one make obeyſance then, or pay reſpect to the duſt and aſhes of the other?

Others are plotting, with the Fool, how they may grow rich, and lay up goods for many years, when yet they know not whether God will not take away their Souls this very night, and then what remains to them

of

of all that which they have ſcrap't together? Such men, methinks, may be well compared to ſumpter Horſes: they are laden with a rich treaſure, and attended with a numerous train of Servants; but at night when their load is taken off, what remains to them of all their carriage, but only the ſtripes and wearineſs of the day? Vain men! are theſe, the great importing things you ſet your hearts upon? Muſt the World drink up all your thoughts, and Death that will ſhortly ſnatch you from all the enjoyments of it, be forgotten? Yet ſo brutiſh are we become, that though whatſoever we hold here be by the death of the former owners, yet we are apt to look upon our ſelves as perpetual poſſeſſors, and never think that we muſt part with it to others, as others have done to us. The Riches and Honours which are but the duſt and ſmoke of this world, have ſo blinded our eyes, that we cannot diſcern the near approaches of death: And thus while we, *Archimedes* like, are buſily drawing projects and deſigns in the duſt, and are wholly intent about vainer ſpeculations than his, we mind not the Alarm, nor perceive the Enemy is upon us, til we are ſtricken dead through the reins.

Secondly, Men delay ſerious preparations for death, becauſe they generally look upon it as afar off. Thoſe who are young think they muſt of courſe live till they be aged? and the aged think that their decayes are not ſo great and ſudden, but that they might well weather out yet a few years more. The healthy think they need not prepare till they be ſummoned; and thoſe whom God doth ſummon by diſeaſes and weakneſſes, think that yet 'tis poſſible they may eſcape them. And thus, though it may be God hath told us out but a few dayes

or hours, yet we reckon verybountifully of years and ages, as if our times were not in his hands, but our own. Men would need no longer Eternity, if God ſhould defer his ſtroke till they thought themſelves old enough to dye. While their Youth and Spirits revell it, and their blood runs dancing through their veines, the thoughts of death are not come in ſeaſon with them: 'Tis as great a *ſolœciſme* to think of their graves, as of going to bed at noon day. Theſe cold and phlegmaticke conſiderations are more fit for their declining years, and the winter of their lives, and they reſolve they will then think of dying when they are choakt up with coughs, and catarrhes, and can ſcarce ſee a deaths-head but thorow a paire of Spectacles: But what becomes of theſe reſolutions? When Age hath ſnow'd upon them, and froſt-bitten all their former pleaſures, yet even then they finde the dalliances that paſs between their Souls and Bodies, ſo ſweet, that they are very loath they ſhould be broken off; and this prompts them to think (as we are apt to believe what we deſire) that as yet they ſhall not. They hope, they have ſome time more to live, and ſo drive their death from year to year before them; & never think of dying, as long as they have life enough left to think of any thing.

This is the verieſt dotage imaginable: for if it be true what the naturaliſts affirme, that no grown perſon carrieth to the grave with him the ſame fleſh that he brought into the World, that the revolution of a few years gradually wears away the former body, and brings a new one in it's ſtead; it is ſtrangely groſſe, that they ſhould think of living much longer, who have already out lived ſeverall generations of themſelves; or that they ſhould not at length prepare for death, who have already

already buried themſelves, it may be eight or nine times over. Diſeaſes and naturall decayes have for many years laid cloſe ſiege to them, routing their guards, battering the walls of their fleſh, and forcing the Soul to quit the outworks, and retire into the heart; yet the mad deſire of living makes them hope they ſhall hold out theſe ruines of life yet a while longer; though they ſee many hundred others better man'd and fortified than themſelves, taken in upon the very firſt aſſault.

We are ſcarce ſo wretchedly miſtaken about any thing, as about old Age. For firſt, We reckon it a vaſt while thither. What a ſhew do threeſcore or fourſcore years make at a diſtance? How numerous do the daies and hours appear? but thoſe who have attained to them finde they all glide away in ſenſibly from them, and hardly know they have lived ſo long, but that they have bought ſo many Almanacks. Certainly long life is like an evening miſt, and ſeemes far greater to us at a diſtance then when we are in it. 'Tis ſtrange how the different ſcituating our ſelves will mightily alter the proſpect of our years: while we look forward upon them from Youth, they are all repreſented to us long and happy; but when we look back upon them from Age, they then appeare to have been ſhort and troubleſome a day to come ſhews farre longer to us than a yeare that's gone. 'Tis high time for us to mend our accounts, and to eſtimate the years that are to come, by thoſe that are already paſt. Thoſe thirty or forty years, which were judged by thee in thy Child-hood an unattainable age, how ſhort do they ſeem now when thou haſt out lived them! What remains of them all, but that thou art grown bigger than

thou wert, and haſt the remembrance of ſome inconſiderable actions that were done in that time? Why then ſhould we think thirty or forty years yet to come ſuch an huge gulph as can never be waded through? Remembrance can with one glance review what's paſt, and why ſhould hope and expectation looke upon what's to come as boundleſſe and infinite? Are all our winter dayes ſpent, and none but our ſummer in reſerve? Are none remaining for us but the faireſt and the longeſt? ſurely both Hemiſpheres of our lives have equall Horizons; and we ſhall finde, that our paſt and future years have but juſt the ſame meaſure.

Secondly, Moſt men preſume they ſhall live to extreme age. A vain confidence! As if God would turn the world into an Hoſpitall, and fill it with the old and decrepit. We have a proverb that Young-men may, but old men muſt die: whereas obſervation will informe us, that incomparably fewer dye old than young: And thoſe too are ſo worn out with crazy and languiſhing diſtempers, ſo tired with following the Funeralls of their families, that they deteſt the age they formerly deſired, and execrate their grey haires, made ſuch as well by griefes, as years. This world is Gods nurſery for eternity, and he will not cumber it with too many old trunkes. Death lyes every where in ambuſh for us: The *Jews* reckon up nine hundred and three diſeaſes, but the caſualties we are ſubject unto are certainly innumerable. A tile may braine us a peſtilential vapour out of the earth ſtiffle us, our houſes may bury us under their ruines, our very meat and drink may choak us; and the meanes to preſerve life may become the inſtruments of our death. We read of ſome that a flye, or a grape-ſtone

have

have dispatcht, that have died by plucking off an hair from their breasts, God turning a very hair into a spear to destroy them. Our Souls may leak out at some small crack in those hidden pipes of life, the veines. 'Tis a strange folly, that we who are subject to such various diseases and accidents should yet dream of dying of no other but old age. Did we but seriously consider by what small pins this frame of man is held together, it would appear no less than a miracle to us, that we live one day or hour to an end.

Thirdly, Men think a few of their latest dayes and thoughts are enough to prepare them for death: They account it extream folly to lose the delights of life, by still jarring upon this ingratefull remembrance, that they must shortly dye, and therefore delay it till those unwelcome Monitors, Age and Grey hairs, call loudly upon them, till they can read deep Emblems of their Graves in their hollow eyes, and furrowed browes: and if something must be done for their Soules, it shall be onely a small courtesy at parting. Thus they devote the Flower and Spirit of their years to sin and pleasure, and think, when their time runs low, to put off God with the dregs of it, and content him with the Devils refuse. Alas! The onely thing worth living for is to dy well. 'Tis not to eat, or drink, or sleep, or sport, or talk; 'tis not to grow rich, or honourable: But to learn how we may by a severe mortification dy first to the world, and then out of it. And is it not (as *Seneca* speaks) a shame, that thou shouldest destine to this great business of life onely those reliques of thy time, which can be employed about nothing else? Is it never time to become new men, till you are ceasing to be; or of reforming your lives, till you

Non pudet tere liquias vitæ tibi reservare & id solum tempus bonæ menti destinare quod in nullam rem conferri possit? Sen. de brev. vitæ cap. 4.

are ending them? Are you resolved to be twice children, ere you will be born again.

Believe it, the vast concernments of your everlasting state require your freshest strength and spirits. Tis not a dying sigh will waft your souls over into a blessed eternity: 'tis not to leave somewhat behind for pious uses; nor at the last gasp to recommend your selves into Gods hands, when you have been all your life long in the Devils. 'Tis not some chimney-prayer nor blanket devotions, nor the name of God brought up in a cough, that will suffice: heaven were a cheap prize could it be so lazely obtained. No, repentance is quite another thing; 'tis to ransack the soul, to rend the heart, to demollish strong holds, to rout those legions by which we are possest; in a word, 'tis to take heaven by an holy force and violence: and what stupendious folly is it to deferre this great work, (a work that will straine every nerve of your souls to performe it well) 'till the sluggishnesse and infirmities of old age oppress you? Think you, your souls can then vigorously bestirre themselves when they are grown stiffe with age, when your faculties are benumb'd, and your spirits congaled past the thaw of a fire! Are they then fit for action when they lie wrapt about with tough and clammy flegme, and buried under sloth and sleep? Be perswaded therefore instantly to breake off all delayes, and from this very moment to provide in good earnest for your souls; lest as the blandishments of the flesh and the world make you now think it is too soone, so the sudden surprize of death, and the dreadfull sight of a boundlesse eternity rushing in upon you, make you hereafter cry out, it is too late, too late.

3. Thirdly

3. Thirdly, Men generally put off ſerious thoughts of dying, becauſe of the terrors and inſupportable dread that ſuch apprehenſions bring with them. And therefore death is called by *Job*, *the King of terrors*: a King that comes attended with a thouſand fantoſmes and frightfull apparitions. Who can without a ſhivering horror think of the ſeparation of thoſe dear companions, the Soul and Body, of the debaſement and diſhonours of the grave; that we muſt lie in a bed of ſtench and rottenneſſe, under a coverlet of crawling wormes, there moldering away to duſt in oblivion? Shortly we ſhall be no more our ſelves; we muſt change this ſubſtantiall life, a life that is really felt, and hath reall comforts in it, we muſt change it, to live onely in the inſcription of a tomb-ſtone, or the memory of a friend: our eyes muſt no more behold this dear and pleaſant light; we muſt no more relliſh the delights of this world; all our faire-lay'd projects will be diſappointed, and we in a moment ſnatcht away from whatever we enjoyed or deſigned. Now theſe are too gloomy meditations for the joviall and frollicke world: Such melancholy thoughts of dying prove little leſſe than executioners themſelves, and leave death but halfe its work. Humane nature abhorres them: we find that Chriſt himſelf in whom it was moſt pure and ſpotleſſe, not gaſter'd by any of thoſe weake feares or fancyes that pervert our Reaſon; yet even he, as man, recoiles at that death, which, as God, he was aſſur'd to conquer. Job. 18. 14. Luke 22. 42.

The fulleſt aſſurance of heaven is ſcarce ſufficient to diſarme the terrors of death, or reconcile us to it. Saint *Paul*, to whom God gave the unexampled ſight of heaven, and diſcovered the ineffable glories,

light,

light, and luſtre of that bleſſed place, is yet troubled to think that the eternall poſſeſſion of theſe can be no otherwiſe obtained than by dying. Loath he was to deſcend into Heaven through the Grave; and having been once caught up into Paradiſe, can ſcarce think of going thither any other way. *We that are in this Tabernacle* (ſaith he) *doe groane being burdened, not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.* Though his fleſhly clothing, like theirs that travel in foule weather, become burthenſome with mire and wet, with ſin and tears; though he groan under the weighty preſſure, and would be glad to be eas'd and cleanſed at any rate; yet nature it ſelfe ſtartles when it ſees the rude hand of death ſtreacht out ready to undreſſe him, and rather then this garment ſhould be taken off, would have it dipt in Light and Glory upon him.

2 Cor. 12. 4.

2 Cor. 5. 4.

Thus dreadfull is death to us, as men; but much more as ſinners. 'Tis the Guilt that deſerves it, and the Hell that followes it, that gives death its moſt hideous ſhape. We are not ſo much affrighted at the grim and meagre looks of this Officer that is to arreſt us, as at the irefull countenance of the Judge, that is to paſſe ſentence upon us: 'Tis not the unfelt rotting in the Grave, or thoſe worms that muſt ſhortly feed upon their carkaſſes, but the burning in Hell, and the reſtleſſe ſtingings of that tormenting worm, that breeds in a putrid conſcience: From theſe death receivs it's power and anguiſh. And therefore the Apoſtle tels us that *the ſting of death is ſin.* And indeed, well may it be the ſting of the firſt death, ſince it carries in it the venome and poyſon of the ſecond. No wonder then, if thoſe who are conſcious to themſelves

1 Cor. 15. 56.

of

of guilt dare not think of ſtanding before the dreadful Tribunall of God. They cannot bear the thoughts of eternall Wrath and Vengeance, to be for ever inflicted by the almighty power of an incenſed God. No wonder at all, that they thruſt far from them the thoughts of their dying day, becauſe they preſage, that that day, whenſoever it comes, muſt needs be an evill day to them.

I ſhall adde no more; but onely make ſome application of what hath been ſpoken.

Uſe 2. If we all certainly know that we muſt die, this might teach us ſo much wiſdome as not to ſet our affections eagerly upon any thing in this preſent World, a World which we muſt ſhortly leave. *Death* will within a while pluck us from it, and it will prove a violent rending to us, if our affections be inordinately glewed unto it. Conſider that all things in this preſent World are but fading and periſhing, but your precious ſoules are ever living and immortall. Be not unequally yoak't; do not joyn an ever living ſoul to dying comforts. This were a Tyranny worſe then that of *Mezentius*, who (as the Poet tells us) bound the living to dead carkaſſes. Virg. Æneid. 8

It was a perverſe uſe the old heathens made of the neceſſity of dying, when in their feaſts, their cuſtome was to bring in a ſceleton to their Gueſts, thereby exciting them to mirth and voluptuouſneſſe, while they could relliſh ſuch delights, becauſe ſhortly they muſt be as much duſt and bones as what they ſaw. This is the common theme of *Horace*, *Anacreon*, and all the

Totantibus ergò Larvam argenteam attulit ſervus ſic aptam ut articuli ejus vertebræque locatæ in omnem partē flecterentur. Hanc cum ſuper menſam Semel iterumq; abjeciſſet, & catenatio mobilis aliquot figuras exprimeret, Trimalcio adjecit, Heu, heu nos miſeros, quàm totus homuncio nil eſt! Sic erimus cuncti poſtquam nos auferet orcus. Ergò vivamus dum licet eſſe bene. Petr.

Epicurean stye. Like those, 1 *Cor.* 15. 32. *Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we shall dye.*

How much better improvement doth the Apostle make of it. 1 *Cor.* 7. 29. *The time is short, it remaineth therefore, that they that have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoyce, as though they rejoyced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.* What folly is it to toil, and wear out our lives in the pursuit of those vain things from which we may be snatch'd before we can cast another look at them?

Go Fool, and dote upon thy own, or others beauty; but know withall, that shortly a nest of wormes will breed there, and suck corruption and nastinesse out of that face, which hath been thy pride, and the beholders sin and shame.

Go Worldling, rake together thy wealth, and hoord up thy Treasures, but know withall, that of all thy possessions thou shalt shortly need no more then will but suffice to bury thee. Gold and Silver are too heavy lading to be carried into the other World; nothing of them shall go with thee, unlesse it be their rust to witnesse against thee. If there be any difference, whether thou live rich or poor, honourable or despised, in pain or in pleasure, yet certainly there is none when thou comest to dye. What is it to a dying man, whether his Chamber be richly furnisht or not, whether he breathe out his soul in a Palace, or in a Cottage? We shall not take pleasure in summing up our estates, and counting how much worth we shall dy, and how many hundreds or thou-

ſands we ſhall leave behinde us. Theſe things will be then as farre from being our care, as they are now from being our concernments.

Let the Voluptuous man purſue his delights and paſtimes, but let him know withall that he doth but thruſt away his dayes to make way for death: That houre is coming, when he will more earneſtly wiſh to gain time then ever he ſtudied to ſpend it.

Let the Ambitious court honours and preferments, but withall let him know, it will be no great comfort to him in death, that he falls under a bigger name and title than others. What are they when they ſtand upon the higheſt pinacle of worldly dignities, but bladders ſwel'd up with the breath of the popular rout, Nothings ſet a ſtrutt, Cheſſe-men that on the board play the King and Nobles, but in the bagge are of the ſame Materials, and Rank with others?

Though now it be hard to perſwade men of theſe things, yet powerfull and eloquent death will certainly perſwade them, better then all the Sermons or Demonſtrations that ever they heard. At high noone things caſt but a ſhort and little ſhadow; but in the declining evening theſe ſhadowes are extended to an huge length and vaſt dimenſions: So 'tis with us; in the high noon of our age, in the heat and vigorous warmth of our blood, the world ſeemes to caſt but little ſhadow, all things in it appear to us bright and orient; but when our evening begins to decline, and our dayes ſhut in, when our eyes ſhall ſwim in night and darkneſs, then the ſhadowes are extended, and all the bright and glittering things of the world will appear to us nothing but gloomineſſe and horrour.

Secondly, Since we all know that we ſhall dye, let *Uſe 2.*

this serve to exhort us seriously to prepare for our death. That our souls are immortal and must live for ever, is a dictate of Nature it self, if we had not Scripture to confirm it. And those who have ever ventured to deny it, have rather spoken their wishes than belief. They are divine sparkes kindled onely by the breath of God; and the same breath that kindled them hath likewise pronounced that they shall never dye. Shortly they must lanch forth into eternity, and know by experience the truth of those impressions that God hath stampt upon them concerning their own endlesse duration.

'Twill not be many years nor dayes hence, till every one of us be in our eternal state; there stands nothing between us and it, but this thin mud-wall of our bodies: a weak fence against so many diseases and casualties as may every day and hour assault us What *Anacharsis* said of those who saild, that they were but four inches removed from death, is true of us all. We are but four inches removed from death and eternity. Nay, a wound that digs not halfe so deep may dispatch us. Our soules are in our bodies onely as a little aire included in a thin bubble; and when that breaks, oh what or where are we? Gone in an instant out of all the businesses and pleasures of this present life, into an estate for ever unchangeable.

Laertius in vitâ Anachars.

Now what is your care, and what do you chiefly busie your selves about? Death is approaching you arm'd with ten thousand woes and plagues; and is it time for you to trifle away your precious moments (moments on which depends your eternity) in sports, or complements, or impertinent employments? Is it time for you to muse what garb you will weare, what visit

visit you will make, whether at this house or the next; what recreation shall passe away to morrow, whether the hawke or the hound, when all this while death hath you in full chase?

While you are contriving your profits and pleasures, your recreations and employments, and sharing out your lives among them, a sudden, unseen, and unthought of hand of God snatcheth you from them all, and all these vaine thoughts perish with you. Is this providing for eternity? is this improveing your short time, and few minutes for heaven? Pity it is that ever a precious and immortall soul should be intrusted to the care and management of such brutes, who by minding nothing but their sensuall ease and delights, their food and fodder, degrade it in this world, and destroy it in the next.

Now, to provide for eternity, I know no better rule, than to doe nothing but what thou might'st be contented to be found doing when Christ shall come to judge thee: to live so, as if every day were thy last, and the very next to eternity. If it be not so, it is more than you, or I know. Since we have no assurance of a day or hour longer, it is but reason and wisedom to look upon every one as the last.

Suppose now your chambers darkned, your friends standing round your beds mourning over you, a sad silence filling all the place, nothing heard but your groanes, or theirs to answer yours; when your soules sitting on your lips shall look over into eternity and flutter to be gone; when they shall, like the flame of an expiring lamp, vibrate and catch at the exhausted body, how would you then spend that small scantling of remaining time? Would yon be laying

up

up for years? would you be contriving for your vaine pleasures, or send for your idle and debaucht companions, to laugh and jest away that last hour as well as the rest? No; these designes, and this mirth are now dasht; now the necessities of the soul begin to crow'd hard upon you; the sight of a severe Judge and dreadfull tribunall, the worryings of an accusing conscience, the fearfull review of past sins, and expectation of attending torments, now shake out all such, once so delightfull and contenting, thoughts: and now when your souls are departing out of your bodyes, they begin to come into your remembrance.

Hearken to the voice of dying men, what say they? Oh, that God would pardon and accept them! Oh that He would spare them a little to repent and reforme! or else, Oh that he would assure them of his favour, and receive them to his mercy! This is the language, and these are the cares of the sick-bed, when death comes nigh to them, and looks them in the face; and why is it not your care now in your health and strength? What assurance have you, that you are not now as nigh death as those who lie thus languishing, and complaining of their folly for neglecting their souls till this last hour? God doth not alwayes give warning, but some he strikes suddenly; and for ought we know, we may be as neare our deaths as those whom their friends and physitians have given over.

However, should God spare you longer, yet the duration of your life is most uncertaine; and to delay our preparations for death, upon the uncertaine continuance of life, is such stupendous madnesse

and

and folly, that certainly were there not witch-craft and ſorcery uſed upon us by the Devil, a man that hath the free command of his wits and Reaſon, could never be guilty of.

Night is haſtning, and ſpreading it's wings over us; the grave expects us, and bids its other corps make roome; death is graſping us in its cold armes, and ready to carry us to the dreadfull tribunal; and yet how little of our great work is done! We burne away our precious dayes, and miſerably waſte our light and our life, we exhauſt our ſtrength, and laviſh out our affections upon toyes and fond nothings; and that life of ours which the Pſalmiſt call's a tale, for its ſhortneſſe, we make a tale for 'its vanity. We ſpend it moſt frivolouſly, till the dayes of darkneſſe, which are many, come upon us; and then think to prepare for eternity when we are fit for nothing elſe, and leaſt of all for that.

Some ſad inſtances there have been of thoſe who having neglected this great work till the end of their life, have then ſpent that little remnant of time they had in crying out for more: It may be ſo with you, if your conſciences be not awakened ſooner than by the paine and diſquiet of your ſick-beds: you will then with horror cry out, more time, Lord, more time! but it will not be granted, the terme is fixt, the laſt hour hath ſtruck, the laſt ſand is run; and as you and your workes are then found, ſo muſt you into eternity.

Methinks, this is ſuch a conſideration as muſt needs prevaile with all the world: Our time is but ſhort and momentary, we are but of yeſterday, and poſſibly may not be to morrow; and God hath ſuſpended eternity upon the improvement of this moment; a few

hours

hours will determine our everlasting condition, and according as they are spent so must our doome be, either eternall happinesse, or eternall misery; and why should our precious souls be so vile in our eyes as to lose them for very sloath and careleſſeneſſe? why should we hearken to the suggestions of the flesh, or the allurements of the World? Stand off, we are working for Eternity, an Eternity that is but a few dayes hence, a boundleſſe, a bottomleſſe, and endleſſe state into which we know not how soon we may enter. This is a motive that cannot but prove effectual with all that have their right understandings about them. But many are so strangely besotted by the Devill, that though they hear these truths, truths that they cannot deny, that they cannot doubt of, yet they live at such a rate of sin and security, as if their Eternity were to be expected here, or none to be expected hereafter.

Now if we have carefully prepared our selves for death, it will be to us a repose instead of a terror. The Scripture doth frequently compare it to sleep, and it is indeed the most natural resemblance that can be given. While we are a sleep we neither see nor heare, all our senses are lockt up, we enjoy none of the delights of life, no comfort in our friends, in our riches or estates, all those things are cancelled out of our memories; and what more than this can death doe to a believer? And therefore they are said to *sleep in* 1 Thes. 4. 14. *Jesus*. 'Tis a sleep that gives them rest from their labours, a sleep that opens their eyes which were before benighted with ignorance and error, a sleep that deprives them of the deep and muddy light of this world, but brings to the vision of that radiant source

and

and fountaine of all lights, in whoſe beames Angells for ever baſke and ſun themſelves.

Why ſhould we then be ſo terrifyed at the apprehenſions of death? We may truely ſay, the bitterneſſe of it is paſt, 'its ſting is taken out. We may ſafely take this Serpent into our boſoms: though it hiſſe againſt us, it cannot wound us. Yea inſtead of wounding us, 'tis reconcil'd to us, and become one of our party. And therefore when the Apoſtle is drawing up a Chriſtians inventory, he reckons death as part of his goods: *Whether life, or death, or things preſent, or things to come, all are yours*, 1. Cor. 3. 22. And ſo Philipp. 1. 21. *To me to live is Chriſt, and to die is gaine.* And well may a Chriſtian count death among his gaines, ſince it is the hand of death that draws the curtaine of the great tabernacle, and lets us in to ſee God face to face in that palace of ineſtimable majeſty, where we ſhall have the ſtrong rayes of his glory beat full upon us, and be our ſelves made ſtrong enough to beare them.

Yea theſe bodies of ours, which are the onely part that can ſuffer dammage, ſhall have it abundantly recompenſed at the reſurection. *They are ſown in weakeneſs, but ſhall be raiſed in power; they are ſown in diſhonour, but raiſed in glory.* 1. Cor. 15. 43. Theſe fraile and dull clods ſhall then become impaſſible as Angells, ſubtile as a ray of light, bright as the ſun, and nimble as the wings of lightning.

Having thus exhorted you to prepare for death, I know not how farther to inforce it upon you with greater advantage, than by propounding to you the example of this noble perſon deceaſed, whoſe whole

life was a more serious preparation for death, than most mens dying thoughts. He well knew the nobility of his extraction would be no excuse to him from the peremptory summons of death; neither did he make it any excuse to him from an industrious and strict preparation for it. This he testifyed by the series of his whole life, in which there evidently appeared such an aw of God, and a reall sense of true Piety and Religion, as clearely evinc'd he had strong and habituated meditations of that great levelling day, wherein the highest shall stand upon no higher ground than the meanest.

He did not think Religion any staine to his honour, nor minding heaven to be the employment of those onely who have nothing on earth. Indeed irreligion and Atheisme are now reckoned as a piece of good breeding among the great ones of the world: 'tis now counted as a signe of a degenerous and low-sunke Spirit, to acknowledge even God himself for their Superiour. Those are cryed up as the Wits of the time, who can daringly dispute it against whatsoever is sacred in Christianity; yea against the being of God himself. 'Tis now become an argument of a judicious and gallant mind, to call into question the most fundamentall maximes of our faith, and the authority too of those holy oracles that confirme them. Reason alone is extolled as the best and most sufficient guide both in matters of beliefe and practise: and they appeale to that for their judge, which commonly by their debauches and intemperancies, they either so corrupt that it will not discerne the truth, or else so sot and stupify that it cannot. And thus as the moon when it is at the greatest opposition to the sun,

so

ſo theſe think their Reaſon then ſhines brighteſt, when it ſtands at the greateſt oppoſition to God.

This noble perſon, whoſe Reaſon had as fleet a wing, and could ſoare as high a pitch as any of theirs who pretend to nothing above it, yet ſaw it Reaſon to give his faith the precedency, and alwayes found more acquieſcence in a *Thus ſaith the Lord*, than in the moſt criticall reſearches, and poſitive concluſions of his Reaſon. So reverend an eſteem had he for thoſe ſacred dictates of Scripture, that though his wit and parts ſhone forth to admiration, in whatſoever he pleaſed to employ them about, yet he never preſumed to exerciſe them on that common place of abuſing Divine verities; he was not ambitious to commence a wit by blaſphemy, nor did he pretend to ingenuity by being impious; but whereas too many uſe their wit in jeſting at them, he ſhewed his holy wiſdome in believing and obeying. Other books he made the ornament of his minde, this the guide of his life: he knew what others, but did what God ſpake.

He was not made a Chriſtian out of old heathens; nor owed his vertues to the ſage precepts of *Plutarch* or *Epictetus*. Theſe are now become the Penmen and Evangeliſts of our young gentry: *Seneca* is with them preferred before Saint *Paul*, though his chiefeſt credit be that he wrote ſo well that ſome have miſtakingly thought him *Pauls* diſciple. The vertue of this noble perſon acknowledged a more divine originall, being formed in him by the ſame Spirit that gave him rules to act it. This taught him to outſtrip in true wiſdome, temperance and fortitude, not onely whatſoever thoſe ſtarch't and formall moraliſts did, but whatſoever they wrote; and whereas they pre-

ſcribed but the exerciſe of vertue, He ſublimated it, and made it grace.

Next to his abſolute ſubjection to God, was his obedience unto his honourable, and now diſconſolate Mother, wherein he was to ſuch a degree punctuall, that as her wiſdome commanded nothing but what was fit, ſo his duty diſputed not the fitneſſe of things beyond her command. His demeanour towards her was moſt ſubmiſſive, towards all obliging, that 'twas but the ſame thing to know and admire him.

His converſe gave the world a ſingular patterne of harmeleſſe and inoffenſive mirth, of a gentility not made up of fine cloathes, and hypocriticall courtſhip; a ſweetneſſe and familiarity that at once gain'd love, and preſerv'd reſpect; a grandeur and nobility ſafe in 'its own worth, not needing to maintaine it ſelfe by a jealous and moroſe diſtance.

Never did vice in youth find a more confirm'd goodneſs. So impregnable was he againſt the temptations that gaine an eaſie acceſſe to thoſe of his ranke and quality, that they could neither inſinuate into him by their allurements, nor force him by their importunities. Nor did he think it enough to ſecure his mind from the infection of vice, unleſs alſo he ſecured his fame from the ſuſpicion of it. Some indeed owe their innocence to their dullneſſe and ſtupidity, and are onely not vicious, becauſe not witty enough to be takingly, and handſomely wicked. His vertue was of choice, and the ſevereſt exerciſe of it mingled with ſuch charmes from his parts and ingenuity, that his very ſerioufneſs was more alluring, than thoſe light divertiſments in others which intice onely becauſe they pleaſe. His apprehenſion was qnick and piercing, his memory faithfull

faithfull and retentive, his phancy ſprightfull and active; and his judgement over-ruling them all, neither prejudicated by vulgar opinions, nor eaſily coſened by varniſht and plauſible error.

After all this, there can be nothing wanting to make up a moſt compleate and abſolute perſon, but only induſtry to quicken his parts, and time to ripen both to perfection. His induſtry was remarkable in the aſſiduouſneſſe of his ſtudies, where he ſpent not his hours in Playes or Romances, thoſe follies of good Wits, but in the diſquiſition of ſolid and maſculine knowledge: in which he outſtript even thoſe, who were to depend upon learning for their livelyhood, and had no other revenue than what aroſe out of their fruitfull and well cultivated braines. And as for that other, I mean time, to maturate theſe growing hopes, that ſad Providence which hath called us together to this mournfull ſolemnity, hath denied it, by a ſudden and ſurpriſing ſtroke cutting off his dayes, and thereby rendring that vertue, thoſe parts, that induſtry, uſeleſſe to us in any thing but the example, and I ſhould ſay unprofitable to him too, but only, that which he never had opportunity to imploy in this world, hath, I doubt not, fitted him for a better.

FINIS.

Upon the death of the Honourable *ALGERNON GREVIL*, Esq; who dying in *Magdalen* Colledge *Oxon*, was carried to *Warwicke*, and there buried.

WHen rich old *Misers* dye, *such* obsequies
Claim only *Sable-weeds*, not *weeping eyes*:
Their *cloathes* are the sole mourners, the spruce heire
Smiles, and summs up the massy bags, that were
Bequeath'd by Will or else to gain belief,
Subornes *Squeez'd tears*, false witnesses of grief.
Whilst *Heirs* mourn thus, our losse must dearer cost,
They *gain* a treasure, we a treasure *lost*:
In this our Noble Friend death snatcht away
What Nature can't in *hopefull births* repay.
A manly beauty dwelt upon his face,
Each *Action* harbour'd, and each *Limb* a grace.
Such were his native charmes, his very *Sight*
Subdued hearts, and conquer'd without fight.
He scarce halfe his *Nobility* did owe
Toth' *Lordly* blood that in his Veines did flow:
Refined parts and matchlesse worth combin'd
To make a con*stellation* in his mind.
He grac't our Muses: while his life did last
Our *Isis* might for *Helicon* have past.
But as Earth pregnant with the wealthy'st Ore
Changes the *private Lord* it had before,

And

And growes a *royal* mine; whil'ſt the Lands are
Forfeited for the *golden crop* they beare:
Such was his caſe, his Soul too bright and pure
For our dull earth, became *Heavens forfeiture.*
That early worth that we ſo much commend
Conſpir'd, great Soul, to *antedate* thine end.
Death well may triumph ſince it ſlew in thee
Compendiouſly an *Univerſity.*
What ever *Galen* talkes, when ſuch men fall
Sickneſs, *though ſingle's* Epidemicall.
But that our ſorrows might anew commence
A ſpightfull Hearſe proudly convey'd thee hence,
Raviſht thine aſhes. Thou'rt departed thus
Once to thy other Friends, but *twice* to us.
Such pompe was *due to thee*, to us *unkind*,
To fetch the *object*, leave our *griefs* behind.
Was't not enough we loſt thy vital breath,
But we muſt feel pangs of *another* death,
And loſe thine amiable corps? bereft
Of thoſe dear *reliques* that thy ſickneſſe left?
It ſeems poore *Magdalen* deſerv'd to have
Neither *Thee* living, nor when dead, *thy grave.*
Yet ſtill in ſpight of Death, and Hearſes, we
Will in our Soules erect a Tomb for thee.
Though doubly bankrupts, rob'd of all that's thine
In mournfull hearts thy mem'ry we'll inſhrine.
And whilſt the Marble where thy Body ſleeps
With *ſenſeleſſe* tears the change of *weather* weeps,
We'l weep *thy* change, thy blooming hopes lament,
Our grief ſhall be thy lively monument
We'l ſpeak thine Epitaph to ſkilfull eares,
And when *words* fail, we'l ſpeak the reſt in tears.

W. H.

Bleſt

Bleſt *Magdalen*,

THy votary inſpire, ſo ſhalt thou be
At once his Saint, and his Melpomene:
Tell him, bleſt Saint, for thou alone canſt tell,
The number of thoſe vertues which did dwell
In this one Heroe, for thou knew'ſt him well,
Thou ſaw'ſt him when he ſtood, and when he fell.
'Twas on the Vigil to thine owne great day
He did expire then thou didſt weeping ſay,
Ah! how could thy feavers fire have been wept out!--

And here thou mad'ſt a pauſe when once again,
Rallying thy ſcattered ſighs into one main
Body of ſpeech, thou thus purſued'ſt thy grief——

Thou had'ſt not then, nor thus expir'd, thy blood
Had undiſturbed flow'd; thy crimſon floud
Homer. l. 21. Iliad. And vital oyle had ne're turn'd to a flame,
As *Xanthus* waves did once, when fir'd by th' lame
And limping god: Thy azure veines had ne're
Conceiv'd a fire more glowing hot then e're
Typhœus felt on whome the gods that day
That *Phlegra's* field was fought did *Ætna* lay,
Could all thoſe brooks and ſtreams which ſmoothly glide
And waſh that Colledge walls where I preſide
Have quencht thy fire thou hadſt not been conſum'd
In flames like *Pliny* to *Veſuvius* doom'd:
At leaſt, not till thou had'ſt like *Pliny* ſeen
Learning's vaſt Empire, or like him had'ſt been
Monarch in letters: for great ſpirits know
Nothing, if ought remain unknown below.

Thus

Thus Cæsar thought his armyes nought had done,
If there unconquer'd lay beneath the Sun
One towne, one spot of ground, not yet march't o're
He judg'd all vaine that he had done before.

Lucan lib. 2. sed Cæsar in omnia præceps Nil actum credens dum quid superesset agendum.

Could all those gentle gales, which fan the aire,
And with soft whispers coole those Climats where
The dog-starr's blister'd tongue creates a heate
Which onely hell in torments can repeate,
Have sav'd they breath, or calm'd thy raging fire,
Thou had'st surviv'd, nor had the fatall pyre
On which lifes taper burn'd been thine own bed;
As when the *Trojan* Lord from *Dido* fled,
Her bed her hallow'd altar was, and there
She (both the Priest, and victim) did expire

Virgil. l. 4. Æneid.

Thus the ble'st Saint did her best son bemoane,
Thus tender *Rachel* wept, when there was none
Of her dear babes unslaughter'd left; when gore,
Swelling like waves, turn'd what was heretofore
Dry land, to a red sea, where shipwrackt lay.
Infants, scarce lanch't forth from the womb, their bay.
Thus spake the Saint, then wept, then dry'd her tears
(Her falling tears) with her dishevell'd haires.
Then spake againe; (I do remember well)
And strictly charg'd me, Go; this message tell
To this fall'n Heroe's Mother———
Madam,
Asswage your griefe, there's glory in his death,
In this last act there's gallantry: his breath
He did surrender up, surrounded by
A feavers hostile flame, which swift did flye
Through veines and arteryes, and through each part
Did post untill it seiz'd upon the heart.
This noble death the *Phœnix* dyes, the same

Dye Martyrs; onely inſects live i'th' flame.
Thus the firſt man that cut the tractleſſe ſkye,
Soaring above that flat, whereon we lye,
Rode in a flaming Caroch, and his march
By fire he made to heaven's ſpangled Arch.
Lucan l. 3. Thus the brave Brachmans do aſcend the pyre (fire,
As ſome mount Thrones, and kiſſe thoſe flames, that
Surmounting fate, they ſcorne to live or dy,
As ſhe their thred of life would looſe or tie.
Thus the great world ſhall by a feaver dye,
As dy'd this leſſe, and in it's embers lye.

J. F.

On the Death of the *Honourable* *ALGERNOONE GREVILL*, Eſquire.

HOw like a ſtream is life? ſo doth it flye,
So *ſwifteſt* run, when the *deſcent* is high
The nobler bodies like the heav'ns expire
Fall not by *age*, but by a haſty *fire*.
The world's afeaſt, theſe well bred gueſts won't ſtay
Till *ſurfeiting*, but taſte and ſo away.
Death is a birth, and fleſh the ſecundine,
Great *ſoules* it can't like ſpringing *Babes* confine
Such (Muſes) was your Friend: how oft thought ye
When from our breaſts ſnatcht our great *Boil* ſhall be
To make heav'n more it ſelfe, and teach above
The wondring Angells his *Seraphicke* love,
This Sun reſtores our day, our *Iſis* ſtreams
Shall owe a luſtre to *theſe* daz'ling beams.
But ah! its true, he's quickly paſt our ſight,

And

And growes *inviſible*, that growes in *light*
It's fatall for the beames that *dazle* eyes
To make them *water* too: The ſtarres that riſe
Up *ſooneſt*, *ſooneſt* fall: and ſuch wert Thou
(Bright ſoul) light dawn'd about thy *infant* brow.
As bright thy birth, as if the teeming morne
Thee equall twin with *day it ſelfe* had borne.
Thus ſun like did'ſt thou riſe, and like him run:
As ſoone thy courſe through all the Arts was done.
Whilſt noble blood is others *rubricke note*,
That markes them *holydayes to eaſe devote*,
Books were thy Ocean, and for pearle thy trade,
Of-times leaſt *ſands* a chain of *pearle* was made.
Thy Pilot at the ſtreights the *Stagyrite*,
The *lead* his Gloſſers, *lead* at leaſt for weight.
Now in a Poets pleaſure-boate did'ſt row,
Round loves *Vulcano's*, and his hills of ſnow,
Then cut the deep, and ride the bloody ſea
Of *Obs* and *Sols* wrangling philoſophy.
How oft did truth out of this *foame* ariſe,
And like a *Venus* from the *froath* ſurprize?
Books were as *maps* to thee, one daſh or ſpot
Would note a towne, as if thou had'ſt begot,
Not found the notions, which their glories ſhed
Around that ſpangled firmament, thy head.
Where gen'rous thoughts the winged Angells were
Ready to ſerve thy God, or Friends, in cleare
Flames of devotion, mounting up above,
Whence at returne they taught thee ſure to love.
So like thy goodneſſe *Now*, was thine *below*,
Greater it can *on high*, not *better grow*.

A. C. è C. C. C.

On the Death of the Honourable *ALGERNOON GREVIL*, Esq;

CAn He be dead? why did no Comet fall?
No Blazing ſtar attend his funerall?
Can heavens ſnatch him hence and not preſage
The ſudden period of his unripe age?
Flaſhes of lightning before thunder fly,
Warning t'avoyd approaching deſtiny.
But Fates bold hand, reſolving to ſtrike ſure,
Doth by ſurprizing haſte prevent a cure.
Nature and Arts perfection, their juſt pride,
As ſoon as ſeen the angry heavens hide.
A manly grace dwelt on his youthfull brow,
And his high blood in Scarlet ſtreams did flow.
Two houſes here agree; the lilly ſeems
To twine his am'rous ſnow with roſie beams.
Much greater was the brightneſſe of his mind,
That Sun that in his body was confin'd.
I'th' blooming prime of youth, Some praiſed be
By conceiv'd hopes, He by maturity.
Where other Springs ſhew bloſſomes fairely blown,
His was an Harveſt, and had fruit full grown.
No plow of age had dug up wrinckles here,
Yet hoarie ſhockes of virtue ripe appear.
A Feaver, *Ætna* like, his bowels burns,
And's parched body into aſhes turns.
When *Troy* was all on fire, *Æneas* fled,
And from the flames *Palladium*'s raviſhed.
His ſoul was not a *Salamander*, ſure,
Nor could in's body's furnace long indure,

But

But, *Phœnix* like, he doth in flames expire
Altar, and Sacrifice, t'appeaſe *Joves* ire.

S. L.

On the Preproperous Death of the moſt early accompliſht Gentleman, Mr. *ALGERNOON GREVIL*, ſecond Brother to the right honorable, *Robert* Lord *BROOKE*.

I *Propheſi'd* as much, I ſtill foretold,
That ſuch an *Enoch* could not here grow old.
I had *Caſſandra's skill*, but her *fate* too,
Still ſpake *incredibly*, however *true*.
Thoſe ſpeaking beams, which darted from his eyes,
Like Comets, did preſage his obſequies.
Such a *Marcellus*, when I gaz'd upon,
I read his *fall* in his *perfection*.
I *fear'd* his *early* ripeneſſe, and did ſay,
Night muſt ſoon follow ſuch a *full-blown* day.
He who was *Neſtor*, as to depth of ſence,
And yet a Babe, as to his innocence,
Muſt needs begin his *Funerall* from his *Birth*;
So much of *heaven* could not be *long on earth*.
Thus have I ſeen the mornings pregnant womb
Prove to the light a *Cradle, and a Tomb*.
Thus the *firſt fruits* are offerings to the ſkie,
And *tend'reſt victimes* on Gods altar lye.

Thus goodly *Cedars* fall, whil'ſt a ſhrub Tree
Lives by its *meanneſſe and humility*.
Inſatiable death! could nought appeaſe
Thy rage, but ſuch fair holocauſts as theſe?
Muſt thou ambitiouſly thine Altar ſtain
With nobleſt blood? would ſome inferiour vein
Have quencht thy thirſt, or ſatisfi'd thy cries,
Rivers of blood had flow'd in Sacrifice.
But we forgive thy error, ſince we ſee,
Thou art contiguous to Eternity.
Thou art not onely *harmleſſe*, but (thy ſting
Be'ing left behinde thee) an *obliging* thing.
Chriſtians, like Corne (which in the furrows lye)
Cannot be quickened, except they dye.
Let heathens talk of periſhing, whil'ſt we
Call death the doore to immortality.
Then ceaſe, great *Madam*, by your daring feares
Join'd to the *hereſie* of ſighs and tears,
T'aſſert the *death* of your *tranſlated* Son,
Leſt you deny his *reſurrection*;
And make each *ſob a Sadducee*: the eyes
Which weep his *fall* deſpair that he ſhall *riſe*.
Was he not once Baptiz'd? then did he vow,
He would *forſake the World*: nor wa'ſt till now
That he perform'd his oath; and will you grieve
He's dead, for whom 'twas *perjury* to live?
Could *tears* have quencht his feaver, it had been
Drown'd in the tears of weeping *Magdalen*:
Or could our pens be fluent as our eyes,
We would revive him by our Elegies.
You onely, *Madam*, are forbid to mourn,
Like the old *Thracians*, when your Son's *new born*.
Lift up your eye of Faith, and through this earth

Behold

Behold his ſecond, and diviner birth.
That done, let grief ly buried in his urn:
Good things are ſent to earth, but to return.

J. Y.

On the much lamented Death of Mr. *Algernoone Grevill*, fourth Son to the right honourable *Robert* Lord *Brooke*.

WHen worth doth claim its praiſe, ſilent to be,
Such *ſilence* were no leſſe than *blaſphemy*.
Should we not pay this homage to his name,
We ſhould prove *murtherers* to his great fame,
And after he hath breath'd out his laſt breath,
Make him to dye *a more unhappy* death:
So he would *two* untimely burials have,
One in *oblivion*, th'other in his *grave*.
But now th'officious Muſes come at's call.
Ready to ſolemnize his Funeral.
They all contend him how to elevate,
Above the reach of envious time and fate.
His name immortal, as his ſoul ſhall be,
He'l gain a *double* immortality.
That noble blood which ran within his veins
Pure and Untainted, free from vices ſtaines,
Vertue refin'd and ſublimated; He
Thought *Virtue* th'onely true nobility.
Though nature had beſtowed on him all
Her gifts, and ſeemed almoſt Prodigall,
Yet by his induſtry, he greater got,

And

And Art lent nature what ſhe *needed not.*
With ſuch great pleaſure He his books look't on;
To ſtudy, was his recreation.
Arts and the Muſes were his earthly bliſſe,
He was their chiefe delight, and they were his.

R. T.

FINIS.

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